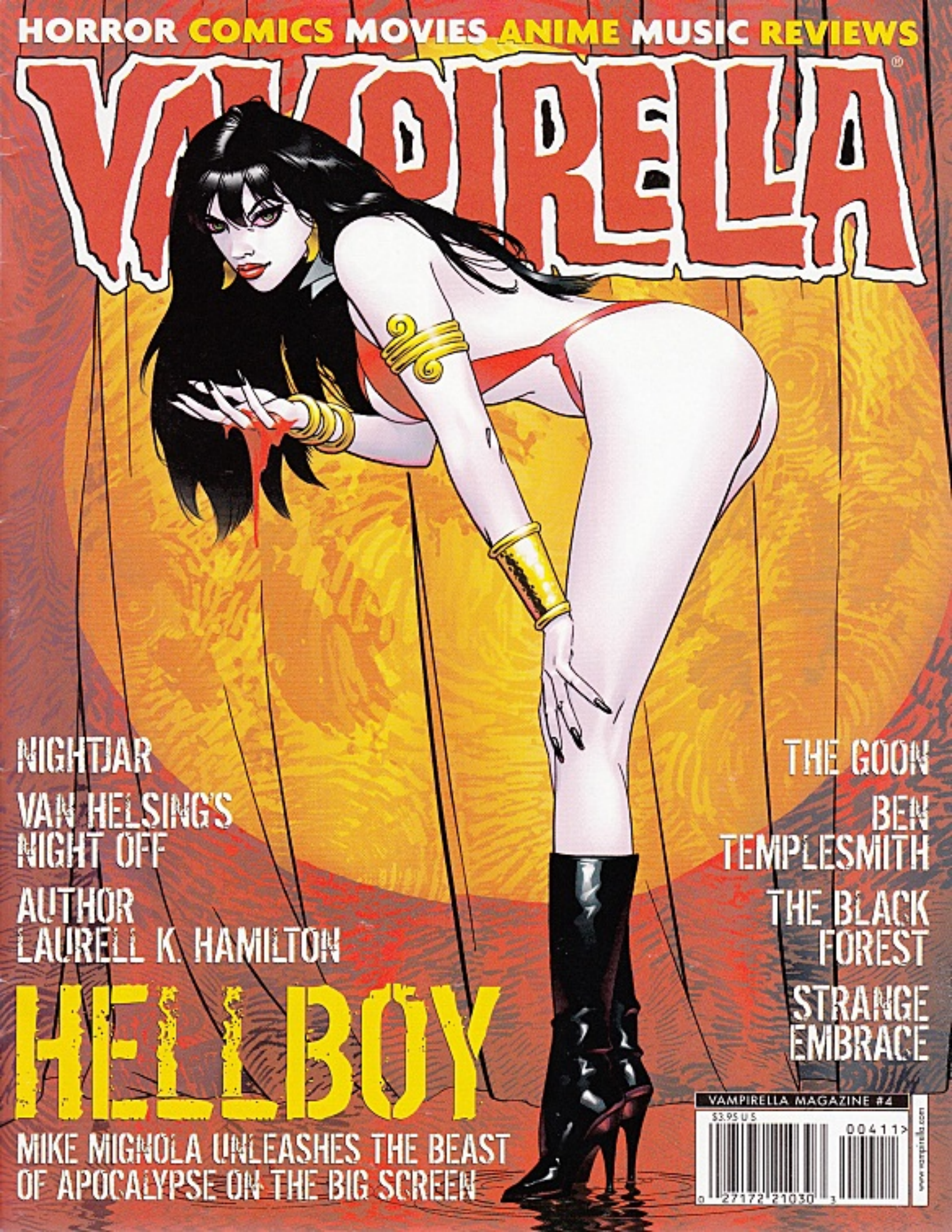
HORROR COMICS MOVIES ANIME MUSIC REVIEWS
VAMPIRELLA
NIGHTJAR
VAN HELSING'S NIGHT OFF
AUTHOR LAURELL K. HAMILTON
HELLBOY
MIKE MIGNOLA UNLEASHES THE BEAST OF APOCALYPSE ON THE BIG SCREEN
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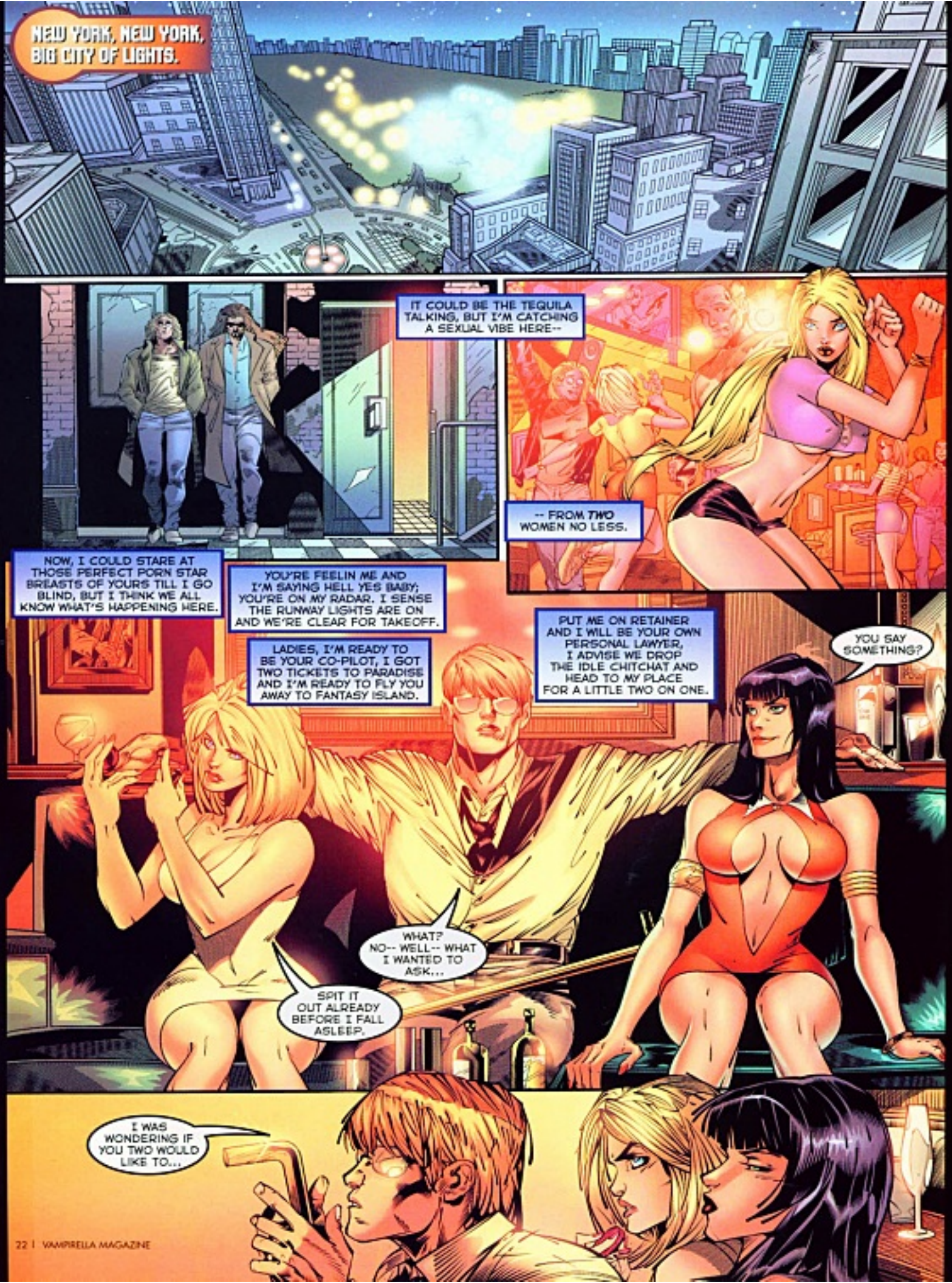
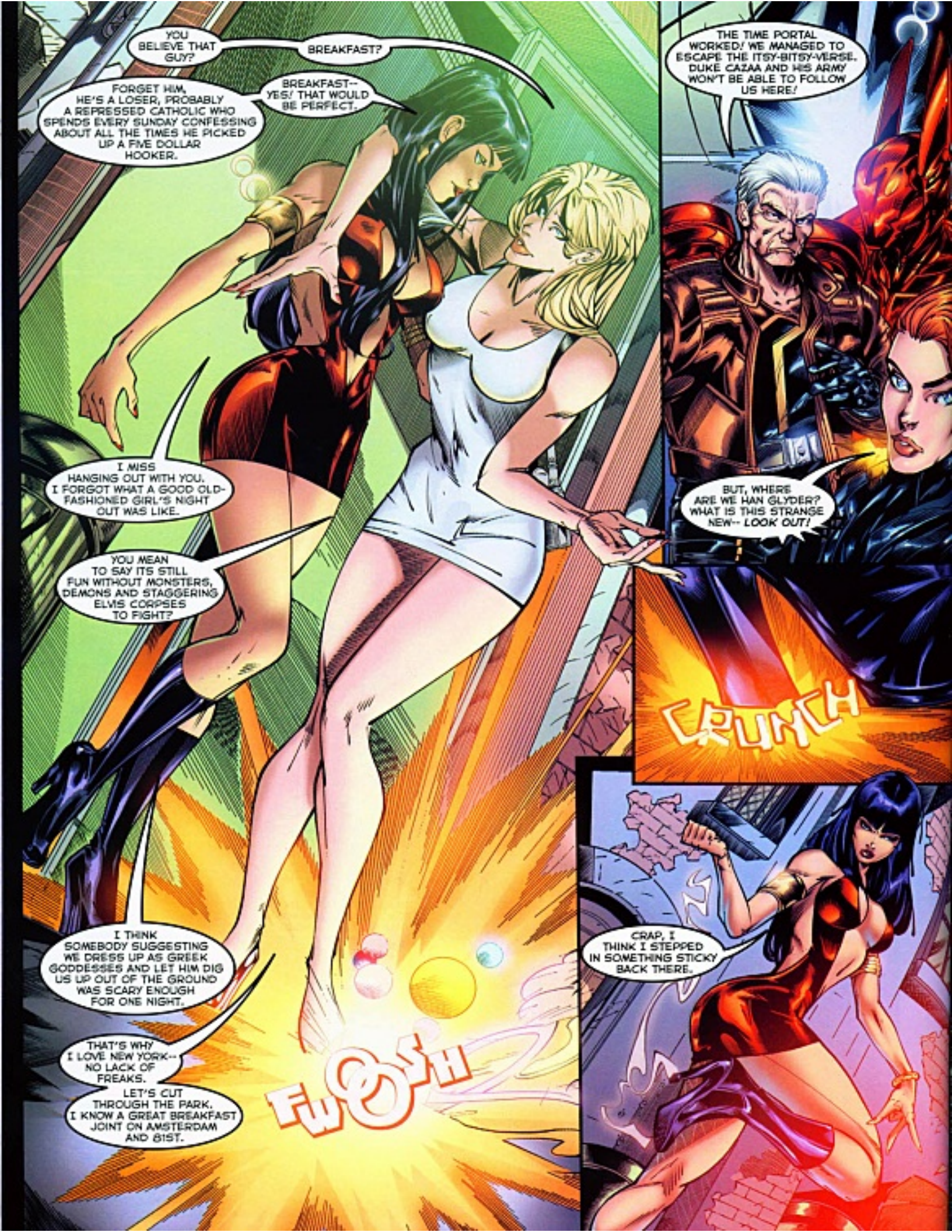

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, BIG CITY OF LIGHTS.
IT COULD BE THE TEQUILA TALKING, BUT I'M CATCHING A SEXUAL VIBE HERE--
-- FROM TWO WOMEN NO LESS.
NOW, I COULD STARE AT THOSE PERFECT PORN STAR BREASTS OF YOURS TILL I GO BLIND, BUT I THINK WE ALL KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.
YOU'RE FEELIN ME AND I'M SAYING HELL YES BABY; YOU'RE ON MY RADAR. I SENSE THE RUNWAY LIGHTS ARE ON AND WE'RE CLEAR FOR TAKEOFF.
LADIES, I'M READY TO BE YOUR CO-PILOT, I GOT TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE AND I'M READY TO FLY YOU AWAY TO FANTASY ISLAND.
PUT ME ON RETAINER AND I WILL BE YOUR OWN PERSONAL LAWYER, I ADVISE WE DROP THE IDLE CHITCHAT AND HEAD TO MY PLACE FOR A LITTLE TWO ON ONE.
YOU SAY SOMETHING?
WHAT? NO-- WELL-- WHAT I WANTED TO ASK...
SPIT IT OUT ALREADY BEFORE I FALL ASLEEP.
I WAS WONDERING IF YOU TWO WOULD LIKE TO...

MAYBE YOU AND YOUR PERVERT LAW PARTNER COULD HELP EACH OTHER RUB ONE OUT IN THE SHOWER.
WE THINK HE NEEDS SOME HELP... THE PROFESSIONAL KIND.
LETS FACE IT TINA, LAWYERS ARE BIGGER BLOOD-SUCKERS THAN VAMPIRES.
VAMPIRELLA MUST DIE
part 1 of the definitive infinity virus
WRITTEN BY JIMMY PALMIOTTI AND JUSTIN GRAY
PENCILLER GABRIEL REARTE INKER METH
COLORIST RAYMOND LEE LETTERS MICHAEL CONLEY
MARK, WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THEM?
I'M NOT THE VILLAIN.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU TOLD THEM YOU SLEEP IN AN ISOLATION TANK DIDN'T YOU? I TOLD YOU THAT FREAK'S CHICKS OUT MAN!
WHATEVER. LETS JUST SWING BY THE WIDOW MOTEL AND PICK UP SOME RUSSIAN HOOKERS.


YOU BELIEVE THAT GUY?
BREAKFAST?
FORGET HIM, HE'S A LOSER, PROBABLY A REPRESSED CATHOLIC WHO SPENDS EVERY SUNDAY CONFESSING ABOUT ALL THE TIMES HE PICKED UP A FIVE DOLLAR HOOKER.
BREAKFAST-- YES! THAT WOULD BE PERFECT.
I MISS HANGING OUT WITH YOU. I FORGOT WHAT A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED GIRL'S NIGHT OUT WAS LIKE.
YOU MEAN TO SAY ITS STILL FUN WITHOUT MONSTERS, DEMONS AND STAGGERING ELVIS CORPSES TO FIGHT?
I THINK SOMEBODY SUGGESTING WE DRESS UP AS GREEK GODDESSES AND LET HIM DIG US UP OUT OF THE GROUND WAS SCARY ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT.
THAT'S WHY I LOVE NEW YORK-- NO LACK OF FREAKS.
LET'S CUT THROUGH THE PARK. I KNOW A GREAT BREAKFAST JOINT ON AMSTERDAM AND 81ST.
FWOOSH
THE TIME PORTAL WORKED! WE MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE ITSY-BITSY-VERSE. DUKE CAZAA AND HIS ARMY WON'T BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US HERE!
BUT, WHERE ARE WE HAN GLYDER? WHAT IS THIS STRANGE NEW-- LOOK OUT!
CRUNCH
CRAP, I THINK I STEPPED IN SOMETHING STICKY BACK THERE.

SO HOW IS THE WHOLE MONSTER FIGHTING THING GOING?
OH, YOU KNOW, LOTS OF PUNCHING AND KICKING, RITUALS, AMULETS, BLOOD GORE, MAFIA VAMPIRE DAUGHTERS, MEXICAN ZOMBIES, WEREWOLF COPS, AND THE OCCASIONAL HALF-NAKED DEMIGOD TO PUT DOWN.
MY LIFE SEEMS SO BORING.
YEA, MINE TOO.
RIIIIGHT. I MEAN I'M SURE HALF-NAKED DEMIGODS ARE ON SALE AT THE DOLLAR STORE.
SERIOUSLY, IT GETS BORING FIGHTING SOME VARIATION OF AN UNDEAD BEASTIE LOOKING TO TURN THE WORLD INTO HELL OVER AND OVER--
IT GRATES ON THE NERVES AS WELL AS MAKING IT NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND AND MAINTAIN A STEADY RELATIONSHIP.
EVIL, FEATURING THE UNIMAGINATIVE HORDES OF HELL. BELIEVE ME, STILL NOT BORING TO US BRIDGE AND TUNNEL GIRLS.
HEY COME ON-- THIS IS NEW YORK. YOU HAVE A BAZILLION STUDLY SUPERHEROES RUNNING AROUND. YOU EVER MEET ANY OF THEM?
I DATED ONE FOR A WHILE. LONG STORY.
THAT SHOWS YOU HOW HARD IT IS TO FIND A DECENT MAN IN THIS TOWN.
SPILL IT, WHO WAS HE?
I CAN'T TELL YOU, HE MADE ME SIGN A CONTRACT BEFORE OUR FIRST DATE.
HE DIDN'T WANT ME SELLING THE BOOK RIGHTS OR BLABBING ON TV ABOUT HIS-- UH, LETS JUST SAY, INADEQUATE PACKAGE AND HIS QUICK DELIVERY SERVICE.

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT HE WAS INSECURE ABOUT EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY HIS COSTUME.
TURNS OUT HE WAS GAY, AND DOESN'T THAT MAKE SENSE WHAT WITH THE RUNNING AROUND AFTER MIDNIGHT IN A CAPE WITH AN UNDERAGE SIDEKICK.
HE WANTED TO BE SURE BEFORE HE MADE THE LIFESTYLE COMMITMENT.
YOU WERE THE STRAIGHT TEST.
YEA, IT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT MAKES A GIRL FEEL SPECIAL. WHAT ABOUT YOU?
OH YOU KNOW, THE OCCASIONAL RITUALISTIC ORGY, BUT NOTHING SERIOUS.
HEY YOU SEE THAT?
WHAT IS IT?
LOOKS LIKE A...
SPACESHIP?

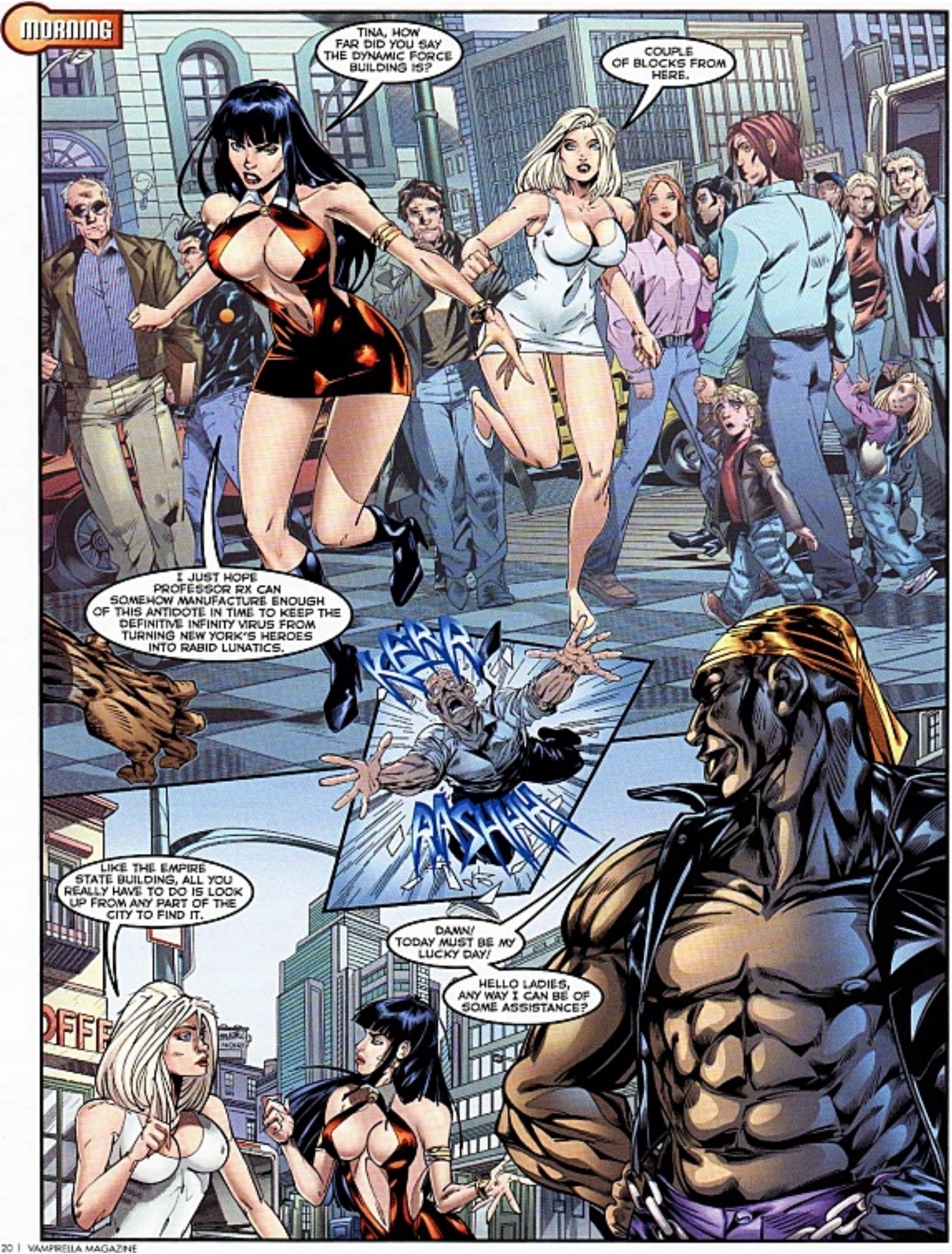
HOLY S---

HEY, UMMM, VAMPI, THEY COULD BE HOSTILE OR LIKE GIANT OCTOTHINGIES LOOKING TO TAKE OVER OUR WORLD.
NEVER RULE OUT THE CHANCE IT MIGHT BE A SHIP FULL OF SWIMSUIT MODELS FROM AN ALL MALE PLANET OUT CRUISING THE GALAXY FOR AVAILABLE WOMEN.
DIDN'T THINK OF IT THAT WAY.
HELLO? ANYONE HOME?
MUST BE FROM THE PLANET OF BAD HORRIBLE FASHION SENSE AND LAME ACCESSORIES.
IS IT DEAD?
AND YOU TOLD ME YOUR LIFE WAS BORING.
DAMN, THAT'S NO SWIMSUIT MODEL.
HE IS HURT.
COME ON, WAKE UP BUDDY.
I'VE... DIED AND... GONE TO THE MOONS OF MERCADOR...

YOU'RE NOT DEAD. YOU CRASHED ON EARTH. CENTRAL PARK TO BE SPECIFIC.
EARTH? PRAISE THE COSMIC DEITY I MADE IT-- THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME-- MUST HELP--
EASY GUY, WE NEED TO GET YOU TO A DOCTOR, OR MAYBE A VETERINARIAN.
NO, MY LIFE IS OVER, BUT THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOUR WORLD.
THE ANTIDOTE, WHERE IS IT?
IT'S NOT OVER HERE!
NO! THE ANTIDOTE RUINED! ALL IS LOST.
DON'T CRY. LOOK THERE'S ONE LEFT.
LISTEN TO ME, THAT'S ONLY ENOUGH FOR ONE. ALL WILL BE LOST UNLESS YOU CAN DUPLICATE THAT SERUM.
YOU MUST FIND THE EARTH HEROES KNOWN AS DYNAMIC FORCE AND GET THEIR HELP! THEY ALL MUST BE INJECTED OR YOUR PLANET IS DOOMED.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE EARTH NEEDS YOUR HELP--
I AM FROM A WORLD CALLED GAGEXANLAMLAN, YOUR HEROES FOUGHT IN A SECRET BATTLE AGAINST THE COSMIC OVERLOOKER CALLED KIRBEX THE TERRIBLE.
THE DYNAMIC FORCE DEFEATED THE OVERLOOKER AND SAVED THE UNIVERSE, BUT WHILE ON MY WORLD THEY WERE EXPOSED TO THE DEFINITIVE INFINITY VIRUS.
IF UNTREATED THE VIRUS CAUSES INSANITY, VIOLENT RAGES AND AN UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT MILD RASH.
IF THE HEROES DO NOT RECEIVE THE ANTIDOTE IN--
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THEIR MADNESS WILL BECOME UNSTOPPABLE AND THEY WILL TEAR YOUR WORLD APART.
HAPPENS ALL THE TIME WHERE I'M FROM. RATHER UNPLEASANT BUSINESS, BELIEVE ME.
YOU... MUST... SAVE... GHUGH--
EWW!
PRETTY GROSS. WELL TINA, WANNA SAVE THE WORLD?
I HAVE NOTHING TO DO TILL TUESDAY-- REMEMBER; IT'S A 3-DAY WEEKEND.
OK, THEN WHO ARE THE MEMBERS OF DYNAMIC FORCE?
LETS SEE, THERE'S PROFESSOR RX, REALLY BIG GUY, THE RETALIATOR, POLECAT, WEATHER VIXEN AND...

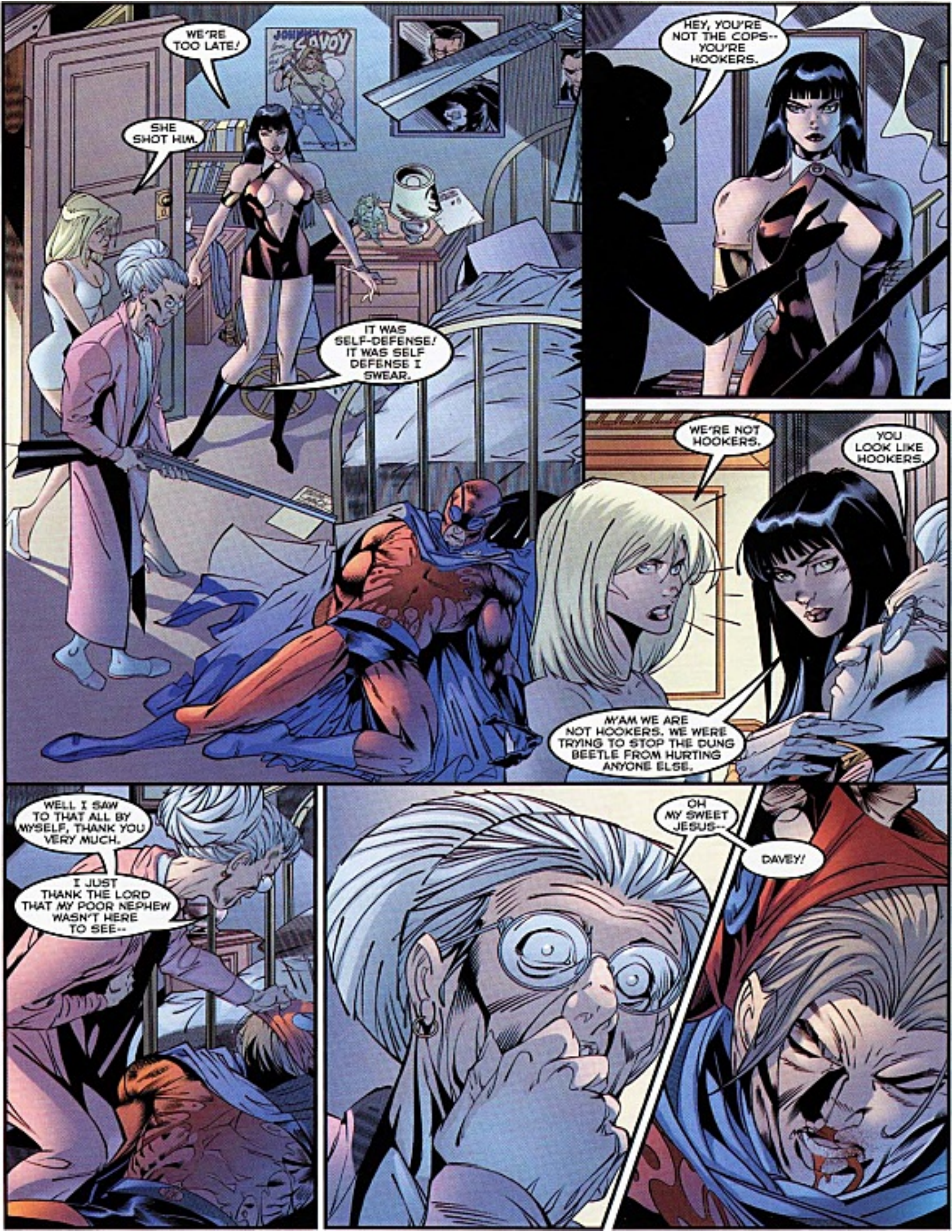
A FEW HOURS LATER
AT THE DAILY TRUMPET, PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT FOR NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER DRVEY DRIVER, SECRETLY KNOWN AS THE--
DUNG BEETLE!?! GODDAMMIT, DRIVER, YOU HALFWIT MORON! YOU'VE BEEN MISSING FOR A WEEK!
YOU SHOW UP THIS MORNING WITHOUT A DOCTOR'S NOTE AND BRING ME THIS SHIT? MORE SNAPSHOTS OF THAT MENACE DUNG BEETLE FIGHTING THE CARNO-BIRD-MAN!?!
A GODDAMN SPACE SHIP JUST CRASH-LANDED IN CENTRAL PARK! THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO SEE! WHERE ARE MY PHOTOS?
BUT, MR. TOMROY, I DON'T FEEL SO SWELL AND THE FEDS SEALED OFF THE CRASH SITE...
WHAT AM I PAYING YOU FOR? JESUS CHRIST DRIVER YOU'RE AS USELESS AS TITS ON A NUN!
IF I HAD A DOLLAR FOR EVERY LAME EXCUSE YOU STROLLED INTO MY OFFICE WITH--
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'M SICK OF LISTENING TO YOU.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.


MORNING
TINA, HOW FAR DID YOU SAY THE DYNAMIC FORCE BUILDING IS?
COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE.
I JUST HOPE PROFESSOR RX CAN SOMEHOW MANUFACTURE ENOUGH OF THIS ANTIDOTE IN TIME TO KEEP THE DEFINITIVE INFINITY VIRUS FROM TURNING NEW YORK'S HEROES INTO RABID LUNATICS.
KRRA
BASHH
LIKE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, ALL YOU REALLY HAVE TO DO IS LOOK UP FROM ANY PART OF THE CITY TO FIND IT.
DAMN! TODAY MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!
HELLO LADIES, ANY WAY I CAN BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE?

HOLY SH--!
VAMPIRELLA
MUST DIE
part the second of the definitive infinity virus
WRITTEN BY JIMMY PALMIOTTI AND JUSTIN GRAY
PENCILLER GABRIEL REARTE INKER METH
COLORIST RAYMOND LEE LETTERS MICHAEL CONLEY
(Special Thanks to Nick Barrucci)

*$#@** WHAT THE @#%$** YO?
A BROTHA CAN'T EVEN WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT SOME CRAZY ASSED WHITE DUDE JUMPIN OUT OF BUILDINGS, TRYIN TO CUT IN ON HIS ACTION!
I KNOW THE SINGLE SCENE IS BAD, BUT SHIZZLE!
HEY THAT'S THE DUNG BEETLE!
HE'S A MEMBER OF DYNAMIC FORCE!
BUST MY NUTS FOR THIS CITY AND I GET NO RESPECT.
I JUST SAVED THE DAMN UNIVERSE... AGAIN, FOR LIKE THE THOUSANDTH TIME.
SEE WHAT YOU DID, MOTHER@#$%! CAUSE OF YOU, I GOTTA GO PAY FOR IT AGAIN.
BITCH.
I DON'T FEEL-- RIGHT.
MAYBE SOME OF MY AUNT JUNE'S GOOD OLD CHICKEN SOUP CAN HELP ME FEEL--
UGGGHHHH!
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING?
I'M TWENTY-FIVE! I DON'T HAVE A GIRLFRIEND AND I STILL LIVE WITH MY AUNTIE.
OH GOD, I'M KAFKA'S FRIGGIN NIGHTMARE!

HE WENT IN THERE, LAST APARTMENT ON THE LEFT.
I COUNT SIXTH FLOOR, LET'S GO.
OH DEAR... A BURGLAR, HAS TO BE. DAVEY LEFT FOR WORK OVER AN HOUR AGO. PROBABLY IN THERE STEALING DAVEY'S DARLING ACTION FIGURES.
GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR NOW!
SEEMS DECENT FOLK CAN'T EVEN KNIT A SWEATER FOR THEIR NEPHEW WITHOUT SOME CRIMINAL HELPING HIMSELF TO US HARD WORKING PEOPLE'S THINGS.
COCKROACH-MAN! YOU FILTHY BASTARD! GET OUT OF MY DAVEY'S ROOM!
I'M THE DUNG BEETLE YOU STUPID TWIT!
B-BOOM


WE'RE TOO LATE!
SHE SHOT HIM.
IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! IT WAS SELF DEFENSE I SWEAR.
HEY, YOU'RE NOT THE COPS-- YOU'RE HOOKERS.
WE'RE NOT HOOKERS.
YOU LOOK LIKE HOOKERS.
M'AM WE ARE NOT HOOKERS. WE WERE TRYING TO STOP THE DUNG BEETLE FROM HURTING ANYONE ELSE.
WELL I SAW TO THAT ALL BY MYSELF, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
I JUST THANK THE LORD THAT MY POOR NEPHEW WASN'T HERE TO SEE--
OH MY SWEET JESUS--
DAVEY!

MY OWN NEPHEW-- POOR DAVEY WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE THE COCKROACH-MAN?
HE WAS SICK. HE HAD THE SPACE RABIES.
LONG STORY SHORT-- HE AND THE DYNAMIC FORCE WENT TO SAVE A PLANET AND CAME BACK WITH A DISEASE. WE WERE TRYING TO GET HIM THE ANTIDOTE IN TIME.
COME ON MA'M, IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
I KILLED HIM!
IT'S NEVER GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
Police Radio reports a disturbance at this address. Looks like I beat New York's Finest once again, probably too busy giving out tickets to homeless people for smelling bad.
Note to self: Take down the Mayor and his army of pencil-pushers.
This two-bit tip hustler is probably in on it somehow. I will give him one chance.
WHERE DID THE DISTURBANCE COME FROM?
WHA? I HAVE NO IDEA REALLY-- I JUST CALLED...
WRONG ANSWER.
He was in on it, I could tell.
BRAT-TAT-TAT

WAS THAT AN EXPLOSION?
WHO CARES! WITHOUT DAVEY, I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY I AM TO HEAR THAT.
BRAT-
TAT
I THOUGHT I SMELLED A HOMICIDE.
LOOKS LIKE SOME RETALIATION IS IN ORDER.
BRAT-
AT-
TAT-
TAT-
TAT
TAT-
TAT
TAT-
TAT
TAT

IS THIS NUTCASE WITH DYNAMIC FORCE?
YES, AND EVEN WITHOUT THE VIRUS HE'S CRAZIER THAN AN INDEPENDENT PUBLISHER.
WOMEN! I HATE WOMEN!
I BET YOU WERE A CHRONIC BED WETTER.

I THINK I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS.
TINA! PLUG THAT BACK IN!
EZ-ZAP!

ISS'ALL OVER LADIES!
WHILE I CAN SEE ONLY ONE OF YOU IS WEARING PANTIES, I'M AFRAID THE LAW DOESN'T ALLOW ME TO SOCIALIZE WITH CRIMINAL TYPES.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

I SEE A TRIPLE HOMICIDE STARRING A DEAD GRANNY AND TWO DEAD VIGILANTES.
NOT THAT ANYONE IS GOING TO MISS THE RETALIATOR. I ONCE SAW HIM SMASH A GUY'S FACE INTO A CURB, KNOCKED OUT ALL IS TEETH...
...BLOOD EVERYWHERE. THAT TYPE OF THING IS JUST BAD PR. THINK ABOUT IT, HOW WAS HE EVER GOING TO GET COMMERCIAL ENDORSEMENTS?
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU COSTUMES? YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME... THE CITY IS IN DANGER!!
VAMPIRELLA MUST DIE
part the third of the definitive infinity virus
THIS IS NEW YORK BABY; THIS CITY IS ALWAYS IN DANGER.
THAT'S WHY STAINLESS STEELE IS ON THE JOB. NOW LETS MAKE WITH THE SURRENDER, BEFORE I...
OH, COME ON! DON'T DO THAT!

LISTEN TO ME YOU MORON!
DYNAMIC FORCE HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH A SPACE VIRUS. IF WE DON'T GET THEM THE ANTIDOTE SOON, THEY'LL GO CRAZY AND KILL EVERYONE AROUND THEM!
THAT MEANS CIVILIANS-- UNDERSTAND?
HEY! MY SECRET IDENTITY!
AS MUCH AS I ENJOY A GOOD LAP DANCE...
I FIND THIS REALLY INAPPROPRIATE.
DAMN! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING, PAINT THINNER?
WHAT ARE YOU MY SPONSOR? AT LEAST I'M NOT KILLING OLD LADIES!
UGH! NASTY... SMELLS LIKE BLOODY MARY FROM AN AIRLINE PUSHCART.
YOU HAVE TO HELP US GET TO THE DYNAMIC FORCE TOWER!
THE ONLY PLACE THAT I'M GOING TO HELP YOU GET TO IS A JAIL CELL, YOU VAMPED UP CRAZY BITCH!
YOU HAD TO SAY THE "B" WORD DIDN'T YOU?

UMMM, THAT'S GREAT V, BUT HOW ARE YOU GONNA GET DOWN FROM THERE?
CRAP.
YOU JUST GET DOWN TO THE STREET, TINA. I'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.
HEY BABY, WE MEET AGAIN! THIS MUST BE FATE...
WHAM-O
THAT WAS EASY.
LET'S GO.
MOTHERF#$%&@#'S!
IT JUST BE RAINING WHITE PEOPLE TODAY.

PROFESSOR RX - -
--WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS CONTRAPTION?
COME ON ALREADY PROF, I COULD HAVE WALKED OVER THERE BY NOW WITH TWO BUSTED LEGS.
WELL, TO PUT IT SIMPLY, MY COLOSSAL COMPANION...THIS IS A TELEPORTATION PAD.
I SHALL EXHIBIT ITS POWER BY TRANSPORTING POLECAT FROM THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM TO THAT SIDE OF THE ROOM.
GROW SOME PATIENCE WILL YOU?
IT TAKES TIME TO MAKE THE PROPER CALCULATIONS TO INSURE YOU DON'T BECOME A THROW RUG IN THE DEN, MY FURRY FRIEND.
WOW! IT WORKS!
OF COURSE IT *WORKS*, YOU KNUCKLE DRAGGING ASS. I'M A *GENIUS*.
ARE YOU YELLING AT ME?
I'M SORRY BIG GUY, REALLY, I'M NOT FEELING WELL.
I'M NOT FEELING ALL THAT SPORTY EITHER, BUT YOU DON'T SEE ME BEING A CRANKY LITTLE BITCH ABOUT IT.
TRUE, BUT THEN AGAIN, IF YOUR BRAIN SIZE CORRESPONDED WITH THE DIMENSIONS OF THAT COLOSSAL CONTAINMENT VESSEL YOU CALL A BODY, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO CLARIFY EVERY LITTLE THING I DO. WHAT A HOLIDAY THAT WOULD BE!
YOU TWO ARE A COUPLE OF OLD LADIES.
I PUKED THREE TIMES THIS MORNING. GREEN STUFF, KINDA CHUNKY. YOU HEAR ME COMPLAINING?
GROW SOME BALLS ALREADY.

UM, POLECAT, YOU HAVE A... YOU KNOW... A--
DID I GIVE YOU YOUR ANNUAL RABIES VACCINATION?
MY WHAT? JESUS CHRIST WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, BUD?
I SEEM TO REMEMBER GIVING YOU YOUR PARVO AND HEARTWORM SHOTS...
YOU GUYS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING DOWN AT ME BECAUSE I HAVE MUTATED SKUNK DNA!
THAT IS UNTIL YOU NEED TO GAS A FEW HUNDRED ALIEN INVADERS THEN IT'S, "OOH, POLECAT PLEASE COME TO OUR RESCUE. SAVE US!"
THEN THE MINUTE I AM DONE, YOU GET ALL STAR TREK ON MY ASS. "LOOK AT ALL THE DEATH YOU HAVE CAUSED, THESE CREATURES ARE INTELLIGENT BEINGS"... AND SO ON!
I'M ALWAYS PULLING YOUR BUTTS OUT OF THE FIRE. HELL, YOU NEVER SEE ME GET CAPTURED!
NO ONE WANTS TO CAPTURE YOU... THEY CAN'T TAKE THE GAMY SMELL.
OH, NOW YOU'RE PISSING ME OFF!
YOU REMEMBER THAT ALIEN BROTHEL WE HIT ON THE PLANET GAGEXANLAMLAN RIGHT AFTER WE BEAT DOWN KIRBEX THE TERRIBLE?
I REMEMBER. WHAT ABOUT IT?
WELL SOME OF HE LADIES TOLD ME THE ONLY THING ON YOU THAT DOESN'T GET BIGGER IS YOUR...

?!AAAAAAAGGHHH!
I'M GONNA KILL YOU! SMELLY LITTLE SKUNK BASTARD!
OH NO! LOOKS LIKE I PISSED OFF THE ANGRY INCH!
BRING IT ON STUMPY!
ENOUGH!
SOMETHING IS OBVIOUSLY WRONG WITH ALL OF US.
WE MAY ARGUE, BUT NEVER LIKE THIS.
WEATHER VIXEN IS RIGHT; WE'RE ALL EXPERIENCING SOME KIND OF AILMENT.
I'LL NEED TO RUN SOME TESTS.
WE TRAVEL TO ALIEN WORLDS; OTHER DIMENSIONS AND WE NEVER ONCE GIVE THOUGHT TO THE POSSIBILITY OF CONTAMINATION.

"This is Jessica Jameson live outside the Baxter Heights apartment building where some shocking events have just taken place."
WHA--?
"These scandalous images of some of the cities most popular superheroes might be unsuitable for children...
"... but we have to show them anyway because it's sweeps week.
"Details are still coming in, but the Dung Beetle, Stainless Steele and local vigilante the Retaliator are dead."
"A bystander snapped this digital photograph of the alleged killer.
"Apparently this scantily clad bloodthirsty murderer goes by the name of Vampirella. Her assistant in deviance is yet to be identified.
"Police are asking anyone who has seen these women to come forward."
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
THAT CRAZY CHICK IS HELLA HOT?
NO YOU MORON! VAMPIRELLA MUST DIE!

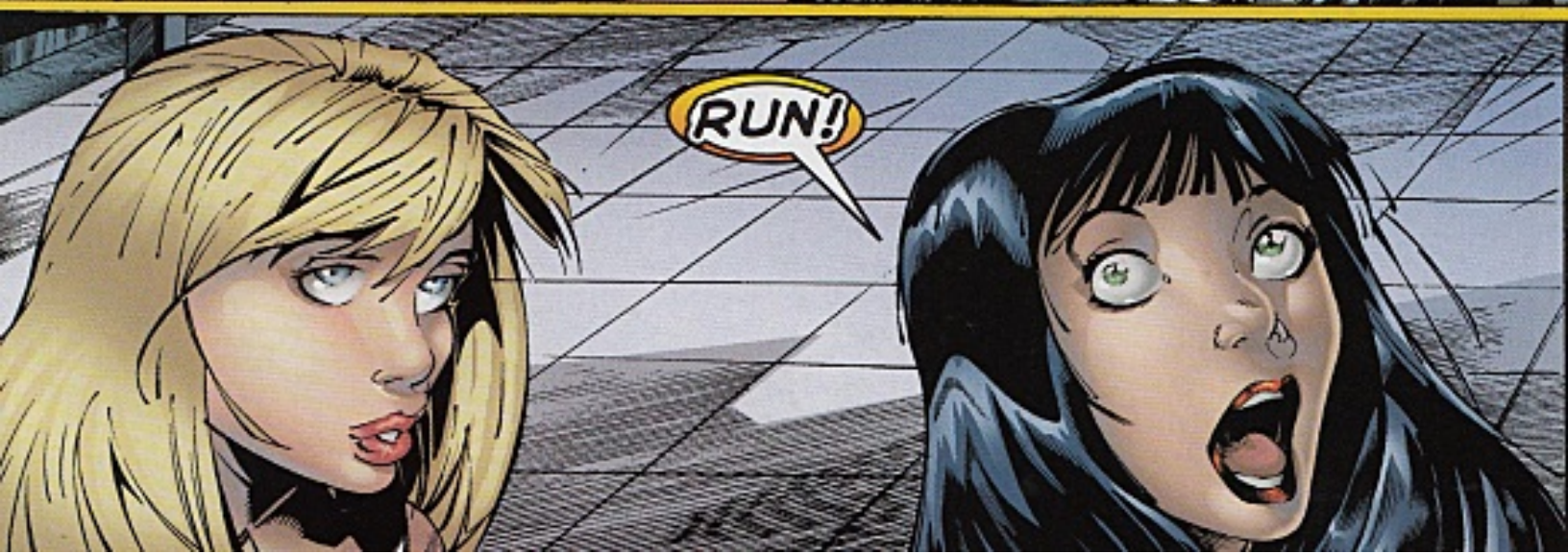
RRRAGGHHH
I'M NOT A MORON!
I'M SICK OF YOU INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE!
WHAT INTELLIGENCE?
YOUR BOOTS HAVE VELCRO BECAUSE YOU STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED TO TIE LACES!
THAT'S IT!
ONE MORE BLOCK AND WE'RE THERE.
GOOD THING, TOO, BECAUSE I'M GUESSING WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO GET THIS ANTIDOTE TO DYNAMIC FORCE BEFORE THE VIRUS TURNS THEM ALL RABID.

DO YOU NOTICE THAT EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT US?
IS MY G HANGING OUT? THIS SKIRT IS SPRAYED ON.
WHAT ARE WE WALKING INTO? EXACTLY HOW TOUGH IS DYNAMIC FORCE?
I DUNNO. THEY'RE SUPERHEROES SO I GUESS THEY'RE BADASS.
WELL IF IT COMES DOWN TO AGGRESSIVE NEGOTIATIONS I WANT YOU TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE.
I EXPECT THINGS TO GET BLOODY AND, FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THIS POLECAT, SMELLY AS WELL.
DON'T WORRY V, I SNIFF AN AIR BISCUIT AND I'M RUNNING FOR WESTCHESTER.
KAA-
BOOOM

OOOPS... I'M GUESSING WE'RE TOO LATE.
OR OUR JOB IS DONE. TINA, LET ME APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE...
BUT I THINK WE'RE LOOKING AT A MULTI-LAYERED WORLD OF TROUBLE.
OKAY, I'M READY TO GO BACK TO MY BORING LIFE AGAIN.
Written By Jimmy Palmiotti & Justin Gray
Pencilled By Gabriel Rearte
Inked By Meth
Colored By Raymond Lee
Letters By Michael Conley
BLONDIE AT THE CBGB
NYPD
(Special Thanks To Nick Barrucci)
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

ALL RIGHT, LADIES GET DOWN ON THE GROUND, NOW!
HOLD ON, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! DYNAMIC FORCE IS INFECTED WITH THE DEFINITIVE INFINITY VIRUS! IF WE DON'T PUT THEM DOWN, THEY'RE GOING TO DESTROY THE WORLD!
YEAH, WHAT SHE SAID.
DOWN! NOW!
VAMPIRELLA MUST DIE
part the last of the definitive infinity virus

OH SHIT!


RUN!

written by
Jimmy Palmiotti
& Justin Gray
penciled by
Gabriel Rearte
inked by
Meth
colored by
Raymond Lee
letters by
Michael Conley
Special thanks to
Nick Barrucci

THAT'S IT! NO MORE TRYING TO DO THINGS THE RIGHT WAY! OBVIOUSLY, WE'RE TOO LATE TO STOP THE INFECTION. FIND A PLACE TO HIDE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'M GOING TO GO UP TO THE TOWER AND KILL EVERYONE.
COME HERE...
NOW DO AS I SAY HON, GO AS FAR AWAY AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN.

OKAY, I'M GUESSING THESE SO-CALLED SUPERHEROES HAVE A SERIOUS ADVANTAGE OVER ME BUT AT THE SAME TIME, BECAUSE OF THE VIRUS, THEY AREN'T GOING TO BE THINKING STRAIGHT.
EITHER WAY, I COULD REALLY USE SOME...
WEAPONS!
"...IN CASE OF COSMIC INCIDENT OR ALIEN INVASION."
WARNING: ASGARDIAN THUNDER AXE
ak glass only in case of cosmic incident or alien
PERFECT.

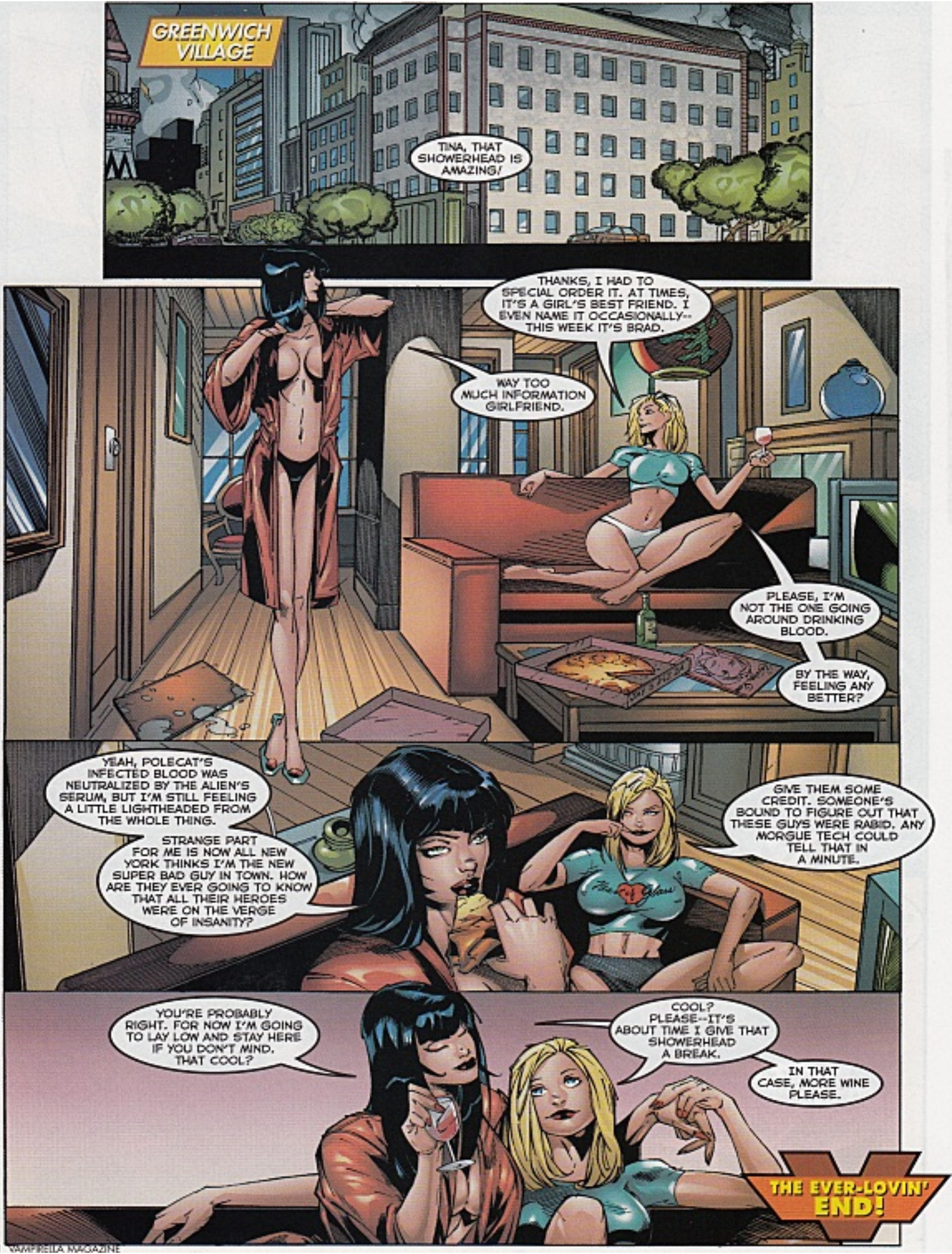
WHY ARE WE ALWAYS SAVING THEM? WHY CAN'T THEY SAVE THEMSELVES FOR ONCE? WE NEVER GET ANY RESPECT!
WE ARE STRONGER AND MORE ADVANCED THAN ANY HUMANS ON THIS PLANET. THE TIME HAS COME TO PAVE THE WAY FOR THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION!
TOO LONG HAVE WE BEEN FIGHTING FOR THEIR PITIFUL SURVIVAL, DEFENDING THEIR WORLD WHILE THEY SHUN AND DESPISE US!
I MAKE THIS PROCLAMATION TO THE WORLD THAT WE ARE NOW YOUR GODS AND WE--
I THOUGHT THAT BITCH WOULD NEVER SHUT UP.
TH-WACK!!

LADY, YOU JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE!
FR-ZZAP
SORRY DARLING, BUT I'M THE BEST THAT EVER--
NEXT...
BEST AT WHAT, STINKING UP THE PLACE?

YOU! YOU'RE A VAMPIRE!
YOUNG LADY, YOU JUST EARNED YOURSELF A PRE-SCRIPTION...
...FOR DEATH!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
YOU'RE REELING UNDER :UGH: THE EFFECTS OF MY HALLUCINOGENS. :URGH: SOON YOUR BRAIN :HU-URGH: CELLS WILL POP LIKE RICE :UGH: CRISPIES!
I'M NOT NORMALLY THE PUGILIST, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO OTHER COURSE OF ACTION.
ENOUGH ALREADY.
BUT-T-T-T

NEWS
!
THERE IS NO WAY TO STOP BIG GUY! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!!!!
NO WAY TO STOP YOU?
HEY BIG GUY, WHY DON'T YOU JUST DRAW ME A MAP?
KRADKLE

BZZT.
BLAMM!!!
...AND THAT'S THE SCENE HERE IN MIDTOWN; THIS SINGLE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN HAS SLAUGHTERED ALL OF THE DYNAMIC FORCE...
LET'S BE HONEST, THE MINUTE ALL THESE SUPERHEROES SHOWED UP, THE VILLAINS SHOWED UP. EVERYTHING WAS FINE AND DANDY BEFORE...
I LOST MY BEST BARTENDER THE NIGHT BIG GUY TRIPPED ON A TRUCK AND FELL FORTY BLOCKS. EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH WAS FLATTENED. SIX HUNDRED PEOPLE... DEAD.
I'M NOT GONNA MISS THAT FREAK.
SINGLE? NO WAY!
AMEN!
YEAH, I LOST MY JOB BECAUSE OF THOSE SUPER JERKS. THEY CUT THE POLICE FORCE IN HALF BECAUSE WE WERE SUPPOSEDLY PROTECTED BY THESE FREAKS OF NATURE.
GOOD RIDDANCE.


GREENWICH VILLAGE
TINA, THAT SHOWERHEAD IS AMAZING!
THANKS, I HAD TO SPECIAL ORDER IT. AT TIMES, IT'S A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND. I EVEN NAME IT OCCASIONALLY-- THIS WEEK IT'S BRAD.
WAY TOO MUCH INFORMATION GIRLFRIEND.
PLEASE, I'M NOT THE ONE GOING AROUND DRINKING BLOOD.
BY THE WAY, FEELING ANY BETTER?
YEAH, POLECAT'S INFECTED BLOOD WAS NEUTRALIZED BY THE ALIEN'S SERUM, BUT I'M STILL FEELING A LITTLE LIGHTHEADED FROM THE WHOLE THING.
STRANGE PART FOR ME IS NOW ALL NEW YORK THINKS I'M THE NEW SUPER BAD GUY IN TOWN. HOW ARE THEY EVER GOING TO KNOW THAT ALL THEIR HEROES WERE ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY?
GIVE THEM SOME CREDIT. SOMEONE'S BOUND TO FIGURE OUT THAT THESE GUYS WERE RABID. ANY MORGUE TECH COULD TELL THAT IN A MINUTE.
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. FOR NOW I'M GOING TO LAY LOW AND STAY HERE IF YOU DON'T MIND. THAT COOL?
COOL? PLEASE--IT'S ABOUT TIME I GIVE THAT SHOWERHEAD A BREAK.
IN THAT CASE, MORE WINE PLEASE.
THE EVER-LOVIN' END!